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ÆSOP AT COURT.

ÆSOP

AT

COURT.

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ÆSOP AT COURT.

OR,

State Fables.

Vol. I.

Vendidit hic auro patriam———
——fixit leges pretio atq; refixit. Virg. Æn.

LONDON,
Printed and Sold by *J. Nut*, near *Stationers-Hall*, 1702.

ÆSOP

AT

COURT.

OR,

State Fables.

46.

9 Vol. 4
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ÆSOP

TO THE

KING.

VIctorious Prince! Form'd for Supreme Command,
Worthy the Empire of the Seas and Land!
Whilst impious Faction swells with Native Pride,
Parties distract the State, and Church divide!
And Senseless Libels with audacious Stile,
Insult thy Senate, and thy Power revile!

Vouchsafe to hear th' admired Truths of old,
Which Birds and Beasts in Sportive Tales unfold:
To curb the Insolent, advance the Good,
And quell the Ragings of the Multitude.

O fam'd for Arms! and matchless in Renown!
Permit old *ÆSOP* to approach thy Throne;
To you the labours of his Muse belong,
Accept the humble, but instructive Song.

FAB.

FAB. I.

The River and the Fountain.

A River insolent with Pride,
The Fountain and its Springs defi'd:
That Fountain, from whose Watry Bed,
The ungrateful Flood was Daily Fed.

And thus the Rabble Waves began,
We're the delight of Gods and Man!
How charming does our Banks appear!
How Swift the Stream, the Flood how Clear!

See how by Natures bounty Strong,
We whirl our *Legion* Waves along:
In Soft Meanders winding Play,
And glitter in the Face of Day.

But thou poor Fountain, Silly Soul!
Thy head Absconding in a hole!
Run'st mudling on from place to place,
A sham'd to show thy dirty Face;
In Rocks and gloomy Caverns found,
Thou creep'st inglorious under ground.
D'e hear! henceforth your Lords obey!
We the Grand Waves assume the Sway.

Well,

Well, angry Sirs, the Fountain cry'd,
And how's your Stream to be Supply'd!
Ye senseless Fools that wou'd command,
Shou'd I withdraw my bounteous hand:
Or backward turn my watry Store,
That hour you'd cease, and be no more.
Go ask that bluftering Fop the Wind,
That puts this whimsy in your mind:
And makes your factious Surges rise,
If he'll recruit you with Supplies.

And when to native Mud you turn,
Such as a common Shore woud scorn:
Too late you'll curse this frantick whim,
When Carriers Steeds shall piss a nobler Stream.

The MORAL.

Unhappy *Britain!* I deplore thy Fate,
When Jurys pack'd, and brib'd, insult thy State:
Like Waves Tumultuous, insolently wise,
They tutor Kings, and Senators advise;

Whilst old Republicans direct the Stream,
Not *France*, and *Rome*, but Monarchy's their aim:
Fools rode by Knaves! and paid as they deserve,
Despis'd whilst us'd! then left to hang or Starve.

FAB.

FAB. II.

The Lyons Treaty of Partition.

A Mighty *Lyon* heretofore,
Of monstrous Paws, and dreadful Roar,
Was bent upon a Chase:
Inviting Friends, and near Allies,
Frankly to share the Sport and Prize,
During the hunting Space.
The *Lynx*, and Royal *Panther* came,
The *Boar* and *Wolf of Wulfingham*;
The Articles were these:
Share and share like what e'er they got,
The Dividend upon the spot,
And so depart in peace.
A Royal *Hart*, delicious Meat,
Destin'd by inauspicious Fate,
Was started for the Game:
The Hunters run him one and all,
The Chase was long, and at the fall,
Each enter'd with his Claim.
One lov'd a Hanch, and one a side,
This eat it powder'd, t'other dry'd,
Each for his share alone:

Old

Old Grey-beard then began to roar,
His Whiskers twirl'd, bully'd and ſwore,
The *Hart* was all his own.

And thus I prove my Title good,
My Friend deceas'd ſprung from our Blood,
Half's mine as we're ally'd:
My valour claims the other part,
In ſhort I love a hunted *Hart*,
And now who dares divide?

The bilk'd Confederates they ſtare,
And cry'd, old Gentleman deal fair,
For once be juſt and true:
Quoth He, and looking wondrous grum,
Behold my Paws, the word is Mum,
And ſo *Meſſieurs* adieu.

The MORAL.

Tyrants can only be reſtrain'd by fright,
Power's their Conſcience, and the Sword their right:
Allies they Court to compaſs private ends,
But at the Dividend diſclaim their Friends.

Yet boaſt not *France*, of thy ſucceſsful Fraud,
Maintain'd by Blood, a Torment whilſt enjoy'd:
Imperial *Ceſar* drives the Storm along,
And *Naſſaus* Arms avenge the publick wrong.

FAB. III.

The Blind Woman and her Doctors.

A Wealthy Matron now grown old,
Was weak in e'ry part:
Afflicted sore with Rheums and Cold,
Yet pretty sound at Heart.

But most her Eyes began to fail,
Depriv'd of needful light;
Nor cou'd her Spectacles avail,
To rectify their Sight.

Receipts she try'd, she Doctors Feed,
And spar'd for no Advice:
Of Men of Skill, or Quacks for need
That practise on sore Eyes.

Salves they dawb'd on, and Plaisters both,
And this, and that was done:
Then Flannels, and a Forehead-cloath,
To bind and keep them on.

Her House tho' small, was furnish'd neat,
And e'ry Room did shine:
With Pictures, Tapestry and Plate,
All Rich, and wondrous fine.

Whilst

Whilſt they kept blind the ſilly Soul,
Their hands found work enough!
They pilfer'd Plate and Goods they ſtole,
Till all was carry'd off.

When they undam'd their Patients Eyes,
And now pray how's your Sight?
Crys tother, this was my advice,
I knew't wou'd ſet you right.

Like a Stuck Pig the Woman ſtar'd,
And up and down ſhe run:
With naked Houſe, and Walls, quite Scar'd,
She found her-ſelf undone.

Doctors quoth ſhe, your Cure's my pain,
For what are Eyes to me:
Bring Salves and Forehead-Cloaths again,
I've nothing left to ſee.

The MORAL.

See injur'd *Britain* thy unhappy Caſe,
Thou Patient with diſtemper'd Eyes:
State Quacks but nouriſh the Diſeaſe,
And thrive by Treacherous Advice.

If fond of the Expenſive pain,
When eighteen Millions run on Score:
Let them clap Muſlers on again,
And Phyſick Thee of Eighteen more.

FAB. IV.

The Satyrs Address.

FIve Satyrs of the Woodland Sort,
Thought Politicians then;
Their Ears prick'd up, their Noses short,
And brows adorn'd like Aldermen;
With Asses Hoofs, great goggle Eyes,
And ample Chins of *Brems* Size:
To *Jove* tript up with an Address,
In favour of the Plains:
That it would please him to Suppress
All Heats and Cold's, his Winds and Rains;
The Sun that he'd Extinguish too,
And in the Skies hang something new.

My wise reforming Friends, quoth *Jove*,
Our Elements are good!
We manage for the best above,
Tho' not so Rightly understood;
But since such profound Squires are sent,
Weel treat you like the Cream of *Kent*.

Then *Jove* brought out *Ætherial* Fire,
In a gilt Chafendish;
The Sparkling flame they all admire,

'Twas fine, they Vow'd, as Heart cou'd wish;
They gap'd, they grin'd, they jump'd about:
Jove give us that, the Sun put out!

The charming Flames they all Embrace,
Which urged by Natures Laws:
Their Shaggy Hides set in a blaze,
And soundly Sing'd their paws;
In Corners then they Sneak, with terrour Dumb,
And o'er the Immortal pavements Scud it home.

The MORAL.

How Senseless are our Modern Whigish Fools,
Beneath the dignity of *British* Fools!
With Beef resolv'd, and Fortify'd with Ale,
They censure Monarch's, and at Senates Rail;
So eagerly to Publick mischief run,
That they prevent the hands, which Loo them on.

O true Machines; and heads devoid of Brains!
Affront that Senate which your rights Maintains!
Thus Ideots Sport with Power, and Flames embrace,
Till smarting Folly glares them in the Face.

FAB.

FAB. V.

The Farmer and his Dog.

THere dwelt a Farmer in the West,
As we're in story told:
Whose Herds were large, and Flocks the best,
That ever lin'd a Fold.

Arm'd with a Staff, his Ruffet Coat,
And *Towser* by his side:
Early and late he tun'd his Throat
And every *Wolf* defi'd.

Loved *Towser*, was his Hearts delight,
In Cringe and Fawning skill'd:
Entrusted with the Flocks by Night,
And Guardian of the Field.

Towser, quoth he, I'm for a Fair,
Be Regent in my Room:
Pray of my tender Flocks take care,
And keep all safe at home.

I know the Watchful, Just, and Brave,
Right worthy such a place:
No wily *Fox* shall thee deceive,
Nor *Wolf* dare show his face.

But

But ne'er did *Wolves* a Fold infest,
At Regent *Towsers* rate;
He Din'd and Sup'd upon the best,
And frequent Breakfasts eat.

The Farmer oft receiv'd advice,
And laugh'd at the Report
But coming on him by surprise,
Just found him at the sport.

Ungrateful Beast, quoth he, what means,
That bloody Mouth and Paws
I know the Base, the Treacherous Stains,
Thy breach of Truth and Laws.

The Fruits of my past Love I see,
Roger the Halter bring:
E'en truss him on that Pippin Tree,
And let him *Towser* Swing.

I'll spare the Family of *Wolf* and *Fox*,
That never any bounty knew
But as the Guardian of my Flocks,
This Neckcloth is your due.

The MORAL.

When Ministers their Prince abuse,
And on the Subjects prey:
With ancient Monarchs 'twas in use,
To send them *Towsers* way,

FAB.

FAB. VI.

The Fox *and* Bramble.

REnard an old Poacher after Game,
Saw Grapes look tempting Fine:
But now grown impotent and lame,
Cou'd not command the Vine;
His Lips he lick'd, stood ogling with his Eyes,
Strein'd at a running Jump, but miss the Prize.
Quoth he that honest Bush has sly,
Might give a Friend a lift:
In troth its Curtesy I'll try,
And venture for a shift;
Without more words he bounces to the top,
But Gor'd and Wounded is compell'd to drop.

Down *Reynard* came batter'd, and sore,
He Blow'd and lick'd his Paws:
Then muttered to himself and swore,
Cursing the Fatal Cause;
Damn'd Rascal Shrub, quoth he, whom hedge-stakes Scorn,
Beneath a Furs-bush, or the Scoundrel Thorn.

But

Good words, Friend *Ren*, the Bush reply'd
Here no incroacher Scapes:
Those *Foxes* that on Brambles Ride,
Love Thorns, as well as Grapes;
But better Language wou'd your Mouth become,
If you must Curse, go Curse the Fool at home.

The MORAL.

Who first offend, then in Disputes ingage,
Shou'd check their Passions and undecent rage:
But peevish Age, of weak Resentments Proud,
Like Woman's Stouborn, Impotent and Loud.

Ill manners never found a just pretence,
And rude Expressions show a barren Sense:
But when high birth descends to mean abuse,
The Crime runs Foulest, and finds no excuse.

FAB. VII.

The Fox *and* Weazle.

To the Late Honourable,
The Commissioners of the Prize-Office.

A Needy *Weazle* heretofore,
Very rapacious, lank, and poor:
That had no Place, small comings in,
And liv'd in terror of the *Gin*;
Nor got a Morsel to his hole,
But what he either beg'd, or stole.

One Night a forraging for prey,
He found a Store-house in his way:
Each cranny then he nimbly past,
With lanthorn Jaws, and slender wast;
And made long time his Quarters good,
On slaughter'd Mice, and wheaten Food.

But growing corpulent and round,
Too small, the widest chink was found:
And now he squees'd and thrust in vain,
For Liberty, and Home again.

A *Fox* that chanc'd to Strol that way,
For Meditations ſake, or Prey:
Stood grinning at him for a while,
With Roguiſh Looks, and ſneering Smile:
And tho' he ſhrewdly gave a gueſs,
Yet ask'd him how, and what's the caſe;
And why his Weazle-ſhip wou'd keep,
In durance vile, and play Boh-peep!

Quoth he, alack, Sir, I was Lean,
Hagger'd and Poor when I came in:
A Skeleton, meer Skin and Bone!
Tho' now ſo Groſs, and Bulky grown,
That with good Cheer and Dainties Fed,
My A—— is bigger than my Head.

But if a helping Paw you'l lend,
To force a board and ſerve a Friend:
So fain I wou'd my Bacon ſave,
I'll kiſs your foot, and live your Slave.

Quoth *Ren*, we Doctors hold it beſt,
After a long debauch to faſt:
Then as for diſcipline 'tis fit,
You take a *quantum ſufficit*.
Slacken with abſtinence your Skin,
And you'l return as you got in:
For till each Collop you Refund,
You'r like to quarter in Lobs-pound.

The MORAL.

Cæsar no more in Foreign Camps Expose,
Your sacred life, to *Brittains* gen'rous Foes:
Thy dread Tribunal now erect at home,
And Arm'd with Vengeance to her rescue come.

In Power her baseſt Enemies remain,
Oppreſs thy Subjects, and thy Treasures drein:
With Sums immense they raise their Fortunes high,
Tho' Armies starve, and Fleets neglected lie.
(Reign!
Bane of the War! Curse of thy Martial
You share the toil and dangers, they the Gain:
To Justice then the known Offenders bring,
Avenge thy People, and assert the King.

FAB.

FAB. VIII.

An Owl *and the* Sun.

A Saucy Buffle-headed *Owl*,
One morning on the Sun fell foul,
Becauſe it made him Blind:
But by his Sophiſtry you'l gueſs,
Him not of the *Athenian* Race,
But a more modern kind.

The Morn was Fragrant, Cool, and Bright,
The Sun Illuſtrious with his Light,
Diſpencing warmth to all:
Madge on a Pinacle was got,
Sputtring and Hooting like a Sot
And thus began the brawl.

D'e hear, you Prince of Red-fac'd Fools!
Hot headed Puppy! foe to *Owls*!
Why this offenſive blaze?
Behind ſome Cloud go ſneak a ſide,
Your Carbuncles and Rubies hide,
And quench that Flaming face,

When I'm a taking the freſh Air,
Whip in my Eyes you come full glare,
And ſo much Rudeneſs ſhow!

I Wonder when the modeſt *Moon*,
Wou'd ſerve an *Owl* as you have done;
Or tan, and burn One ſo.

Bright *Phœbus* Smil'd at what was ſaid,
And cry'd, tis well, Sir Logger-head,
You've neither ſenſe nor Shame!
Becauſe a blinking Fool can't bear,
An object ſo Tranſcending Fair,
The Sun muſt take the blame.

Shall I the Univerſe benight,
And rob the injur'd World of Light,
Becauſe you Rail and Scowl:
When Birds of the moſt abject Sort,
Deride and grin you for their Sport,
And treat you like an *Owl*.

The MORAL.

Who libel Senates, and traduce the Great,
Meaſure the Publick Good by Private Hate:
Intreſt's their Rule of Love; fierce to oppoſe,
All whom Superiour Virtue makes their Foes.

Thy Merits, *Rocheſter*, thus give offence,
The guilty Faction hates diſcerning Senſe:
This *Harly*, *Seymor*, *How*, and *Mackworth* find,
Great Eye-ſores to the loud Rapacious Kind;
But whilſt in holes addreſſing *Owls* repine,
Bright as the *Sun* their Patriot Names will Shine.

FAB.

FAB. IX.

The Sea and the Banks.

AS out at Sea a ruffling Gale it blew,
And Clouds o'ercaſt the gloomy Skies:
The Surges they began to riſe,
And terrify the Saylors jocund Crew.

This to the wanton Billows was but Sport,
They roar'd and gambol'd it along,
This was the burden of their Song,
They'd have a Storm, and ſhow good Reaſon for't.

Then a freſh Maggot takes them in the head,
To have one merry jaunt on Shore:
They'd not be fetter'd up they ſwore,
But thus to the inſulted Margin ſaid.

Hey ſlugs! de hear ye lazy Hounds!
Open to Right aud Left! make way,
And give free paſſage to the Sea,
Down with your Ramparts and obſtructing Mounds.

See how they ſtir! awake ye Brutes!
And let us have one friſk at Land,
Or zbud we'll waſh you intoSand,
Without the tedious form of long Diſputes.

Hold, ſoft and fair! the Banks reply'd, wee'r (bound,
In Honour to make good our Poſt:
And will for all your windy boaſt,
As Barriers to the Sea maintain our ground.

Go Lord it in your watry Realms the Main!
There Rage and Bluſter as you pleaſe,
Licentious in your native Seas,
But not an inch as treſpaſſers you'll gain.

So my fierce Mutineers be jogging Home!
For if you dare invade our Coaſt,
You'll run your Heads againſt a Poſt,
And ſhamefully retire in empty Fome.

The MORAL.

Tho' diſcord forms the Elements for War,
Their well pois'd Strength prevents the fatal Jar:
Harmonious Nature ſets the Ballance right,
And each compels the other to Unite.

In Empire thus true Union is maintain'd,
Each Power's by a Subordinate reſtrain'd:
But when like raging Waves they overflow,
Their ſtated Bounds, and on the weaker grow:
Thrice happy Realms! where there are *Patriots* found,
To check Invadors, and maintain their Ground.

FAB. X.

The Nightingal *and* Cuckow.

A Tuneful *Nightingal* whoſe warbling Throat.
Was form'd for lofty Song:
With every Sweet Harmonious Note,
He charm'd the liſt'ning Throng;
The hooting *Cuckow* was diſpleas'd alone,
Condemn'd his Manner, and extol'd her Own.

This ſcreaming Fop, quoth ſhe, that Scares,
All Creatures with his din:
When Folks are liſtening to my Airs,
Forſooth he's putting in.
Here's ſuch a chattring kept, and Odious Noiſe,
My Song's quite ſpoil'd with his confounded Voice.

The injur'd Songſter Modeſtly reply'd,
Since you perform ſo fine:
The Conteſt let ſome Judge decide,
And try your Skill with mine;
Vanquiſh'd I'll your Superior Genius own,
The *Cuckow* ſhook her Head, and cry'd 'twas done.

A ſolemn ploding Aſs that gras'd the Plain,
Was for an Umpire choſe:
The *Nightingal* advanc'd his Strein,
And charm'd with e'ry cloſe.
The *Cuckows* note was one unvarry'd tone,
Exceeding hoarſe, yet pleas'd, ſhe roar'd it on.

Appeal was made, the Judge this Sentence (gave,
You Sirrah *Nightingal*!
Of Muſick you ſome Smattrings have,
And may in time do well;
But for ſubſtantial Song, I needs muſt ſay,
My Friend the *Cuckow* bears the Bell away.

The MORAL.

Mackworth who Reads thy well digeſted Lines,
Where Eloquence, with nervous Reaſon Shines:
Sees Art and Judgment flow thro' ev'ry Page,
The *Patriots* Zeal, free from indecent Rage;
So pure thy Stile, thy Manners ſo refin'd,
Your Pen tranſmits the candour of your Mind.

Yet happier he that has the Anſwer Wrote,
In penury of Senſe, and dearth of Thought:
Whilſt Aſſes Judge, and faction claims a Vote,
Abuſive Nonſenſe is the admir'd Note;
Where want of Art and Manners merit praiſe,
He Robs the *Cuckow* of her ancient Bays.

FAB. XI.

The Sun *and* Wind.

THe *Sun* and *Wind* one day fell out,
In matters they diſcours'd about,
Old *Boreas* in a Rage:
Call'd the *Sun* Fool, and ſwore he li'd,
Spit in his Face, his power defi'd,
And dar'd him to engage.

Quoth he, yon goes a Traveller,
With formal Cloak, and looks demure,
The Whiggiſh Signs of Grace:
Who fairly off the Cloak can force,
From one ſo Stiff, Proud, and Moroſe,
Deſerves the Upper Place.

With that the *Wind* began to riſe,
Bluſter'd and Storm'd it thro' the Skies,
Making a diſmal Roar:
The *Non-con.* wrap'd his Cloak about,
Trudg'd on, reſolv'd to weather't out,
And ſee the Tempeſt o'er.

The Storm being ſpent, with piercing Rays,
Full on his Shoulders *Phœbus* plays,
Which ſoon the Zealot felt,

Aſide

Aside the cumb'rous Cloak was thrown,
Panting and faint he laid him down,
More decently to melt.

The *Sun* then ask'd his bluftering Friend,
If farther yet he durſt contend,
And try ſome other way:
But conſcious of ſo plain a Truth,
He put his Finger in his Mouth,
Without a word to ſay.

The MORAL.

Your Whigs diſgrac'd, like Bullys of the Town,
Libel, and Rail the more they'r tumbl'd down:
Superior Merit ſtill prevails at laſt,
The Fury of their feeble Storm is paſt.

But when the Senate darts its piercing Rays,
Faction unbuttons, and rebates its pace:
The Hypocritick Cloak is tireſome found,
And the faint Zealot pants upon the Ground.

FAB.

FAB. XII.

The Boar *and* Forreſt.

A *Lion* Generous and Brave,
For Wars renown'd, belov'd in Peace:
His Lands in Royal Bounties gave,
And Treaſures much impair'd by Acts of Grace.

His Miniſters whole Realms obtain'd,
And Courtiers much inclin'd to want;
His Manners beg'd, and Forfeits gain'd,
With Patents to confirm the Royal Grant.

The *Boar*, to ſhow a Subjects Love,
Crav'd for the Publick good a Boon:
His ancient *Forreſt* to improve,
By felling Trees and cutting Timber down.

Alcoves and ſhady Walks, quoth he,
Are laid aſide, become a jeſt:
Your Viſtos lofty, wide, and free,
Are Alamode, and only in requeſt.

(*Boar*,
The Grant being paſs'd the Ravenous
A Deſert of the *Forreſt* made:
Up by the Roots Vaſt Oaks he tore,
And low on Earth the Princely Cedars laid.

This

This Act of Violence and Wrong,
Alarum'd all the Savage Race:
With loud Complaints to Court they throng,
Strip'd of their Shades, and ancient resting place.

With gen'rous Rage the *Lyon* shook,
And Vow'd the *Boar* shou'd dearly pay:
I hate quoth he a down cast look,
That Robs the Publick in a Friendly way.

Unhappy Groves, my Empires Pride!
Lov'd Solitudes, ye Shades divine!
The Rage of Tempests ye defi'd,
Condemn'd to perish by a Sordid Swine.

Ye Rural Deities and Powers unknown,
What can so great a Loss suffice!
If a hung *Brawner* will attone,
Accept Friend Chucky for a Sacrifice.

The MORAL.

The *Brittish* Oaks our Nations Strength,
and Pride,
With which Triumphant o'er the Main we Ride:
Insulting Foes are by our *Navey*'s aw'd,
A Guard at home, our dreaded Power abroad.

Like

Like Druids then your *Forrests* sacred keep,
Preserve with them your *Empire* of the Deep:
Subjects their Princes Bounty oft abuse,
And spoil thePublick for their private Use;
But no RapaciousHand shou'd dare deface,
The Royal Stores of a well Timber'd Chase.

FAB.

FAB. XIII.

The Fox *and* Flies.

As crafty *Reynard* ſtrove to Swim,
The torrent of a Rapid Stream,
To gain the farther ſide:
Before the middle Space was paſt,
A whirling Eddy caught him faſt
And drove him with the Tide.

With vain Efforts and Strugling ſpent,
Half drown'd, yet forc'd to be content,
Poor *Ren* a Soaking lay:
Till ſome kind Ebb ſhou'd ſet him free,
Or chance reſtore that Liberty,
The Waves had took away.

A Swarm of half-ſtarv'd hagger'd *Flies*,
With Fury ſeize the floating Prize,
By raging Hunger led:
With many a Curſe and bitter Groan,
He ſhook his Sides, and wiſht them gone,
Whilſt plenteouſly they Fed.

A *Hedghog* saw his evil Plight,
Touch'd with Compassion at the sight,
Quoth he to show I'm Civil:
I'll brush those Swigging Dogs away,
That on thy Blood remorseless Prey
And send them to the *Devil.*

No courteous Sir, the *Fox* reply'd,
Let them infest, and gore my Hide,
With their insatiate Thirst:
Since I such fatal Wounds sustain,
'Twill yield some Pleasure midst the Pain,
To see the Bloodhounds burst.

The MORAL.

Translated from the Fam'd Nostradamus's *Prophecies. Beginning at*

Le sang du Juste à Londres fera faute
Brûsser par feu, &c.

Thus guilty *Brittain* to her *Thames* complains
With Royal Blood defil'd, O cleanse my Stains!
Whence Plagues arise! whence dire Contagions come!
And Flames that my *August as* Pride consume!

In

In vain saith *Thames*, the Regicidal (Breed
Will swarm again, by them thy Land shall bleed: (creed!
Extremest Curse! but so just Heaven de-
Republicans shall *Brittains* Treasures drein,
Betray her Monarch and her Church prophane!
Till gorg'd with Spoils, with Blood the Leeches burst,
Or *Ty*——*n* add the second to the first.

FAB. XIV.

The Bear *and* Mountebank.

THere liv'd a Quack in high repute,
By virtue of a Velvet Suit,
And celebrated Bill:
As for his Knowledge 'tis allow'd,
He had enough to cheat the Crow'd,
And that's good modern Skill.

Once as this Orator held forth,
On Topicks of his Med'cins worth,
And wondrous Cures they wrought:
Tho' not a word they underſtood,
His Eloquence ſo charm'd the crowd,
That ſtill they gap'd, and bought.

Midſt his Harangue, one day it chanc'd,
Tom. Dove the *Bear* that way advanc'd,
In Proceſſion to his Stake:
The Rable quit their Doctor ſtreight,
And with huzza's on *Bruin* wait,
Who thus the chief beſpake.

D'e hear ye pack of bawling Louts,
Compos'd of Vermin, Stink, and Clouts,
Why all this Noiſe and Do:
Tho' thro' my Noſe a ring is got,
And here I'm baited like a Sot,
Still I reſemble you.

Obſerve that Mountebanking Fool,
Perch'd yonder on his three-leg'd Stool,
With poiſnous Drugs to ſell:
See o'er his Shoulder how he ſnears,
Three hours to lug you by the Ears,
Yet pleaſes wondrous well.

With fulſome Lies and ſtupid Stuff,
He Cheats and Banters you enough,
Yet there ye flock by Sholes:
But if by chance a *Bear*'s brought out,
At him ye Hollow, Laugh, and Shout,
And who's the greater Fools.

So Brother Monſters face about!
The Quack your Keeper wants his rout,
For underneath the Roſe:
Another ſort of Brutes there are,
Beſides a ſtupid *Ruſſian Bear*,
That's miſled by the Noſe.

Ill Miniſters, like Quacks, the Crowd deceive,
Defraud them for their good, and they believe:
At *France* and *Rome* they rail with ſpecious Arts,
And whilſt they Cheat the Vulgar, gain their Hearts.

But if Sagacious *Bruin* ſmells them out,
Their Frauds expoſing to the injur'd rout:
To miſchief prone, implacable, and Strong,
Ten-thouſand Tongues and Hands revenge the wrong,

FAB.

FAB. XV.

The Peacock *Proclaim'd King.*

A *Vulture* old and feeble grown,
Took up, and much reform'd his Life:
His Beak decay'd, and Talons gone,
Yet ſtill he reliſh'd Noiſe, and Striſe;
Once a young *Peacock* to the Birds brought forth,
On his high Birth harrangud, and blooming Worth.

The Iſles and watry Realm, ſaid he,
This hopeful Monarch ſhall Command:
His Scepter to depend on me,
And rule the tributary Land;
Reſerving only for our Royal uſe,
What-e'er the Seas and fertile Coaſts produce.

The *Peacock* a pert dapper Spark,
Made the Sagacious *Vultures* Choice:
His Title and deſcent tho' dark,
Soon gain'd the whole Aſſemblies Voice;
The *Pie* except; a Member of the Board,
Who midſt their Acclamations, cray'd a word.

His

His Highneſs Merits and Deſert,
Quoth he 'tis needleſs to diſpute:
In giving Empires we're too pert,
With neither right, nor Power to do't;
You've made a *Peacock* King, pray now 'tis done,
What Champion here conducts him to his (Throne.

Where the Imperial Eagle Reigns,
Renown'd for Arms, and Warlike might:
Who ſuch a feeble Youth diſdains,
And Vultures dares ingage in Fight;
Therefore *Meſſieurs*, it is my private Voice,
That the Poſſeſſor firſt approve our Choice.

The

The MORAL.

Cæsar that Prince betrays his Fears,
Who Stiles the Monarch in the Field:
But when thy Army Disappears,
To weak pretenders will thy Titles yield.

But wiser Politicians say,
True Conduct is not so much shown,
In giving others Realms away,
As in defending well their own.

FAB. XVI.

A Laconick *Condemn'd.*

A Sage *Laconick*, truly Wiſe,
Whoſe Converſation was Conciſe,
Train'd up in rigid Schools:
Once when a Single word wou'd do,
Had Laviſhly made uſe of two,
In high Contempt of Rules.

A Bill againſt him was prefer'd
The charge by Evidence aver'd,
That fully prov'd the fact:
The Judges aggravate the Crime,
In words as few, and little time,
As anſwer'd Men compact.

Quoth one, the being too Verboſe,
A Miſdemenour is ſo groſs,
Of that pernicious kind!
The Puniſhment muſt reach your Senſe,
And Reaſon Smart for this offence,
By Torturing your Mind.

Read

Read *Jura Populi* o'er twice,
Pittis and *Bunyan* Books of price!
And *Oats*'s modeſt vein:
Read *Baxter*'s Volums, *T——ls* Works,
York-ſhire Petiſh with that of *Bucks*,
True Cant, and Libel Strein.

For Solid Nonſenſe, thoughtleſs Words,
The Vindication of the Lords,
That anſwers *Mackworths* State:
Read firſt and ſecond Paragraph,
If poſſible drudge on thrô half,
Your Crime you'l Expiate.

The Wretch with Strong Convulſions ſhook,
Deſpair and anguiſh in his look,
To Heaven for Mercy cry'd:
Quoth he ſend Gibbets, Racks, or Wheell,
Algiers, and Gallies pleaſe me well,
Such Torments I'll abide.

But Damn me not for one offence,
To Volums unally'd to Senſe,
Vainly to waſt my Breath:
That anſwer to the Commons Rights,
With Labour'd dullneſs ſo affrights,
The thoughts are worſe than Death.

FINIS.

Read Jure Petendi o'er twice,
Pitis and Burgus Books of price!
And Ort's model'd vein:
Read Burrow's Volums, T——r's Works,
York-Shire Peers with that of Berks,
Trin. Cant. and Bibel Sprein.

For Solid Wonder, thoughtless Words,
The Vindication of the Lords,
That answers Marlborough's State:
Read first and second Paragraph,
If possible dodge on third half,
Your Crime you'll Expiate.

The Wretch with Strong Convulsions Frown,
Despair and anguish in his look,
To Heaven for Mercy cry'd:
Quoth he lend [illegible] Books, or Wheel,
Digest, and [illegible] me well,
Such Torments [illegible]

But Damn me not for one offence,
To Volums unmoly'd to Search,
Vainly to waste my Breath:
That answer to the Commons Rights,
With Labour'd dullness fill Folios,
The thoughts are worse than Death.

FINIS.